

Without Her by inkyreveries

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Summary:

Billy Hargrove is not a sentimental person. He's learned by now that most things of value to him end up broken. His father taught him that.

Most of his records end up cracked, his favorite clothes either torn or spattered with the blood dripping from his nose, and the first boy he ever loved left his house in California with a broken wrist to match Billy's heart.

Billy doesn't really keep things of value anymore.

Except for one thing.

Without Her

Author's Note:

- For [botanicapoetica](#).

This fic was a beast to write and probably contains like half of my soul at this point. I lost my mom a few years ago, and it sucks all the time, even now, SO, in an attempt to smother my own feelings, I wrote this angst bomb. I hope you like it!

Many thanks to my sweet Kayla.

Billy Hargrove is not a sentimental person. He's learned by now that most things of value to him end up broken. His father taught him that.

Most of his records end up cracked, his favorite clothes either torn or spattered with the blood dripping from his nose, and the first boy he ever loved left his house in California with a broken wrist to match Billy's heart.

Billy doesn't really keep things of value anymore.

Except for one thing.

The day after Billy's mom's funeral he had come home from school to a house wiped of all traces of her. All of the photos on the mantle were gone, her clothes had been thrown in black bags and left for collection; even her favorite mug lay in pieces in the garbage.

He remembers crying in the living room, remembers his dad storming out of the bedroom and hitting him for the first time—hitting him so hard he tasted blood.

"Boys don't cry," Neil had said. "Only faggots cry, Billy, do you understand?"

Billy didn't cry for her again.

Later, after he was sure his father was asleep, he crept out of his bedroom and dug desperately past the scraps of food in the kitchen trash to find just one thing to hold onto. It was an old photograph that his father had taken of his mother in happier times—times when everything had been different. He wiped it clean of marinara sauce and then carefully folded it and stuck it under his mattress.

That photograph is the one thing Billy has left that his father hasn't broken.

He studies it now, trying to commit her face to memory. She's looking just to the left of the camera, her mouth open in a laugh Billy can almost hear, eyes crinkling at the corners and blazing with a warmth that makes Billy's heart twist. He can't remember the last time he saw that kind of warmth.

Steve's face flashes into his mind almost immediately. Steve looks at him with that kind of warmth.

Billy shakes his head then, trying to wipe Steve from his brain like an Etch A Sketch. He doesn't like to think about him, save for the times they get too drunk at a party or impatient at school behind the bleachers or have a few hours to spare after dropping the rugrats at the arcade. *Then* Billy thinks about him, watches his eyes widen as he pushes into Billy and chants his name like a prayer—*then* Steve is all Billy can think about. Billy thinks it's okay to think about Steve while he's being fucked or jacking off in the middle of the night.

He doesn't think about Steve any other time because then he's thinking of Brian and how everything he ever has ends up broken.

It's February and it's fucking cold. Billy scowls around his cigarette as he leans against the Harrington's front door. He's been standing outside for 10 minutes and he can no longer feel his fucking fingers.

He really needs to get a pair of gloves.

But then Steve's pulling in the driveway and beaming at Billy through the window and all thoughts of frostbite fall from Billy's head.

“Sorry I’m late, Dustin was telling me about some movie he’s going to see this weekend? I’m not actually sure, I was only half listening.” Steve admits with a laugh, slinging his backpack over his shoulder as he walks over to Billy. “Hi,” he murmurs, ducking down to press a soft kiss to the corner of Billy’s mouth.

The tenderness of it burns in Billy’s chest, burns so hot he has to pull away.

“I’m freezing my balls off, Harrington, can we move this party inside?” Billy doesn’t let himself feel guilty about the poorly-concealed disappointment on Steve’s face.

“Oops, yeah, sorry.”

Later, when they’re both naked and panting and collapsed on Steve’s bed, Billy is too blissed out to protest when Steve reaches over to pull him into his chest. He feels Steve’s heart beat strong and steady under his ear, feels his lips on the top of his head and his breath wash over his face. Billy squeezes his eyes shut as the realization that he *never wants to fucking leave* crashes over him like a wave.

Steve is sighing happily and twisting Billy’s hair around his fingers and for a second Billy forgets why he can’t let himself have this, why he can’t just stay—and then he’s fifteen again and kissing Brian in his bedroom and his dad is wrenching the door open and yanking Brian away from Billy, yanking him so hard his wrist looks funny and Brian is howling in pain and Billy is screaming and Neil is hitting him over and over until he thinks he’s going to die.

Billy pulls away from Steve so fast he almost falls out of bed.

“Wait, Billy, don’t—you don’t have to go.” Steve swallows hard and sucks his bottom lip between his teeth. He always asks Billy to stay.

“Get yourself a girlfriend if you want to cuddle, Harrington.” Billy sneers and it’s meaner than he wants it to be but Steve always asks Billy to stay and he never does because he fucking *can’t*. And he hates Steve for asking and hates his dad for breaking everything and hates Brian for insisting on coming over when Billy knew his dad would be home and mostly Billy just hates himself because Steve is looking at

him with those stupid doe eyes and he really doesn't want to leave.

But he does.

Billy tells himself that watching the hurt look twist across Steve's face is better than watching Steve get broken and run away down his driveway.

(It doesn't feel better, though. It feels like his heart is turning to ash in his chest).

When Billy gets home, Neil and Susan are in the living room, staring at the TV.

"Hi Dad, hi Susan." Billy says without stopping, hoping Susan's presence on the couch and his arriving home before curfew will allow him to slink, unbothered, into his room.

"Billy," Neil's voice stops him in his tracks. Billy should have known better than to hope for anything in the Hargrove house.

Billy turns to face him, heart sinking as he takes in the thin line of Neil's lips pressed together, the clenched muscle of his jaw, the steely glint in his gaze. Fuck.

"Where have you been?" Neil's tone is deceptively light but Billy knows better.

"I was on a date."

"A date?" Neil stands up and crosses the room in two large strides, sneering. "You've been going on an awful lot of *dates* lately. Who is this new whore of yours?"

"Linda Johnson. She's in my English class." Billy replies quickly, but his throat feels constricted. He swallows hard.

Neil doesn't answer, just looks at Billy for a long time. Billy wants to tear his gaze away—but he knows that would have consequences—so instead he stares back, trying to mask the terror gnawing at his

stomach.

Much to his relief, his father finally nods and turns away, settling himself back down next to Susan.

Billy enters his room on shaky legs, easing the door closed behind him and lighting a cigarette. He feels unsteady. He's been feeling unsteady for a while now. Cigarette perched on his lip, he lifts up the corner of the mattress and pulls out the picture, exhaling a stream of smoke as he sinks to the floor, resting his back against the bed.

He runs his thumb across the photo and feels such an intense longing it threatens to swallow him whole. His mom was everything Neil was not: beautiful, kind, impossibly warm. And she was always laughing. Billy lets himself smile as he thinks about how everything used to make her laugh. Even when she got sick—Billy's smile falls—she still laughed all the time. Right up until the end.

The image goes blurry then, as tears Billy wasn't even aware of threaten to spill over. He's suddenly furious with himself. *"Only faggots cry, Billy, do you understand?"*

He takes a deep breath, bites his bottom lip so hard it bleeds and gently tucks the picture back into its hiding spot. (Because as angry as he is for letting himself get carried away, he'll never be anything but gentle with the one good thing he has left).

Sticking the cigarette back between his lips, Billy takes a long drag, feeling the smoke burn his lungs. He knows it's dangerous to think about her too much. Because everything is different now. Because she's gone and is never coming back.

Billy finishes his cigarette and strips down to his briefs, climbing into bed without bothering to leave his room to brush his teeth and chance another encounter with Neil.

He dreams of driving down the coast in the passenger seat of his mom's Camaro, his mom crooning Fleetwood Mac and rolling her window down to smell the salt from the sea. When "Songbird" comes on, she leans over to him and grins.

“This song is about you and me, baby,” she says, taking one hand off the wheel to brush it against Billy’s cheek as she starts to sing, “*For you, there’ll be no more crying...*”

If there are tears on Billy’s pillowcase when he wakes up, he ignores them.

The next morning, Billy slips out before anyone else is awake. His stomach is tight in the familiar way it gets when he knows it’s coming, when he knows it’s only a matter of time before Neil snaps and the controlled anger simmering under his skin overflows. It’s too early to go to Harrington’s on the pretense of a quick fuck and Billy just wants to *not be home* for a little bit longer—so he buys a cheap cup of coffee from the gas station and a fresh pack of cigarettes and drives to the quarry.

Billy sits in his car for what feels like hours, alternating sips of shitty coffee with long drags of his cigarette, and wonders how the fuck he ended up here, sitting alone at the edge of the world in the middle of nowhere with no one to go home to. He imagines for a second that everything is different, lets himself want it so badly it makes his whole body hurt. He imagines that his mom is waiting for him at home, blonde hair piled on top of her head, humming as she scrambles eggs; he imagines Steve’s face when he can finally tell him he isn’t going to leave, that he’ll fucking stay forever if he’ll have him; he imagines Steve and his mom together, his mom looking up at Steve with warmth, laughing at something Steve is saying, loving Steve the way Billy—

Billy imagines what it would be like if he were the Billy Hargrove his mom had hoped he’d be instead of the Billy Hargrove he is now: broken.

He crumples the Styrofoam cup in his fist and angrily chucks it out the window along with his cigarette butt.

“FUCK” he yells out into the quarry, startling a bird perched nearby. Resting his head back against the seat he exhales sharply, cranes his neck to crack it, and then starts the engine. It’s already eleven and

Max will be needing a ride to the arcade soon; maybe if he offers to take her instead of having to be asked Neil will leave him alone for a little bit longer. He speeds home, trying to ignore the anxiety creeping up his spine.

Billy can tell the clock has run out when he enters the house. Susan is nowhere to be seen, Max is chirping over the walkie-talkie to her nerd friends behind her bedroom door and Neil is sitting in his armchair by the fireplace, the flames casting shadows over his face. The knot of dread in Billy's stomach grows so big he wonders for a second if he's going to throw up.

"Billy." Neil looks up at him and motions for Billy to walk over. He picks something off the side table and holds it up, tongue darting out to lick the corner of his mouth before he speaks. "What is this?"

Billy's heart drops to the floor. The photo.

Before he can think, he's moving to snatch it out of his father's hand. Neil jerks it out of his grasp and then stands up, teeth gritted with rage.

"I—said—what—is—this" Neil spits out. Billy can practically feel him seething, sees the vein popping in his forehead, thinks in some far-off corner of his mind that he hasn't seen his dad this angry since Brian.

"Dad, it's just a picture of mom," Billy's voice cracks—betrays him—and he tries again to snatch the photo away. Neil grabs his arm and twists it painfully behind him, forcing Billy to hunch over to keep the bone from snapping. Neil bends down then, aligning his mouth with Billy's ear, his voice low and cruel. "I went into your room this morning, knew you were lying about whatever slut you've been spending so much time with lately. Thought maybe my faggot son had found another queer in this hick town to spread his legs for," Billy feels himself start to shake, tears pricking at the corners of his eyes as the image of Neil catching him with Steve, of Neil *breaking Steve apart* brands itself on the back of his eyelids, "but instead I find this—this—"

Neil stops and suddenly lets go of Billy's arm. When Billy straightens up, Neil is staring at the fireplace. Billy sees his jaw working, sees his

eyes glaze over like he's far away, and wonders for the first time *ever* if maybe his dad misses her too. The look disappears from Neil's eyes so fast then that Billy thinks he may have imagined it.

Neil clears his throat and holds up the photograph. "It's time for you to man up and stop being so goddamn sentimental."

Billy watches in slow motion as Neil tosses the photograph into the fire. He hears himself screaming "*no*," hears Neil telling him coldly that Max needs a ride to the arcade, hears Neil's footsteps as he walks out of the room.

Billy sinks to his knees and watches the flames lick at the paper, watches his mom's face turn to ash, watches as he loses the last good thing he had left.

He doesn't know how long he stays there, doesn't realize he's not alone until he hears Max say his name.

"Um, Billy?" Max says timidly, somewhere behind him, "your dad said you would drive me to the arcade?"

Billy feels hollow as he stares into the fireplace, the photo long since burnt. "Yeah. Yeah, okay" he says numbly, standing up and grabbing his keys off the counter.

He drives to the arcade on autopilot, not even bothering to turn the music on. He can feel Max staring at him, eyes boring a hole into the side of his face. He knows she heard him screaming, knows she saw him on his knees at the fireplace, but his mom is dead and the photo is gone and he has nothing and he doesn't fucking care what Max has to say.

He doesn't say anything to her when they finally pull up to the arcade. Max doesn't make a move to get out of the car, just sits there, looking at him.

"Billy, are you—are you okay?" Max's voice is full of concern and when she places a gentle hand on his forearm, the empty feeling pops like a balloon and Billy is suddenly so full of anger he can't see straight.

"I'm fine," he snaps. "Get out."

"I heard you and your dad fighting," Max presses, and Billy yanks his arm out of her grasp with such venom that she flinches and makes a face so much like the face Brian made when Neil caught them together that Billy suddenly can't breathe.

"Get *out*, Max," Billy says again, his voice choked. He's shaking now; it feels like his skin is too tight. Again, Max doesn't move. Billy can't bear to look at her, can't bear to see the pity in her eyes. He slams the side of his fist against the steering wheel. "I told you to *get out*!"

Before Max can respond, they're interrupted by a light rap on Billy's window. Steve is peering into the car, looking concerned. Billy clicks his teeth together, clenches his fist, and wills his body to stop fucking vibrating for two fucking seconds so he can get Max out of his car and Steve out of his way and just *drive* until he forgets about all of it.

He rolls down the window and does his best to plaster on a shit-eating grin. "Can I help you, Harrington?" he says smoothly.

Steve looks uncomfortable, tugging at the sleeve of his jacket. "I, uh, just wanted to make sure everything is okay in here?" He looks up then, meets Billy's eye with a shaky sort of determination and Billy feels sick when he realizes Steve is making sure that *Max* is okay, that Billy hasn't hurt her. He thinks about Max's face when he'd pulled his arm away, thinks about how even though it's been months since that night at the Byer's and things are almost good between them now, she'd still looked at him with fear in her eyes.

Billy realizes then that he is just like his father: all he does is break things, too.

"All good, Steve!" Max pipes up then, and climbs out of the car. "Thanks for the ride, Billy" she says, and despite everything, there's no bitterness in her voice.

Steve doesn't walk away, even after Max leaves. Billy's shaking again, feels his resolve start to crumble, needs to get out of there.

"Woah, Hargrove, you're...are you okay?"

Billy doesn't answer. He can't answer.

"Billy?" Steve tries again softly, leaning into so close that Billy can feel his breath warming the side of his face.

"I'm fine, Harrington, I gotta go."

Steve opens his mouth to say something else, but Billy is already starting to lose it so he revs his engine to drown him out and tears out of the lot. He can't breathe.

He's out of Hawkins in under three minutes, tires screaming as he stomps down on the accelerator. He feels his breath get shallower as memories force their way into his head—Neil's face looming over him, eyes filled with hatred, hitting him until blood is pouring into his eyes, so thick he can't see; Brian whimpering, cradling his broken wrist to his chest as he scrambles down the driveway, his face twisted in terror and pain and betrayal; Steve propped up on his elbows, eyes pleading as he asks him to stay and face wounded as he watches him go; Max staring at him, eyes wide with the same fear he feels when Neil is waiting for him in the living room; his mom taking her last breath in a hospital bed as he clutches at her chest, sobbing quietly so his dad won't hear and begging her not to go. His brain is screaming at him, *you're just like him, just like Neil, a worthless piece of shit, a monster, you're just like him, just like him, justlikehimjustlikehimjustlikehim—*

When his car starts to skid on a patch of ice, Billy doesn't grab the wheel. He just closes his eyes and feels so fucking sorry that he turned out this way.

Billy opens his eyes. His car had spun off the road and into a ditch. Smoke is streaming from the hood and the front is probably scratched to shit, but he's okay. He's alive. The gravity of what almost just happened—what he almost just *let* happen—hits him like a brick. And suddenly, he's thinking about Max. Max scrunching her nose at him in mock-disgust as he slurps his milkshake too fast at the diner, Max trying to sing along to "Enter Sandman" and laughing in the car,

Max slipping into his room and sitting next to him on the bed after a run-in with Neil, slipping her hand in his and resting her head on his shoulder, never once saying a word. And then he's thinking about Steve. Steve pressing kisses to his jaw, his cheek, his forehead, his nose, Steve's face lighting up when he sees Billy on his doorstep, Steve smiling at Billy so wide he looks like the fucking Cheshire cat, Steve who Billy maybe loves, Steve who maybe loves Billy.

But Billy's a piece of shit, Billy's just like his dad, Billy breaks everything.

It all just feels like way too fucking much.

Billy wants a do-over for this whole goddamn life, Billy wants to be someone who can fucking stay instead of turning his back and leaving, Billy wants to *just once* fix something instead of breaking it, Billy *wants his photo back...*

Billy wants his fucking mom.

Then the door is being ripped open and *Steve* is there, eyes panicked and frantically patting his hands all over Billy's body.

"*God*, Billy, what the fuck was that? What were you thinking? Are you hurt? *Jesus*, are you hurt?"

Billy swats his hands away and gets out of the car. "No, I'm not fucking hurt, Harrington. How did you even know...were you *following me?*"

Steve crosses his arms defensively, the panic on his face starting to fade. "Well, yeah, I mean you just looked so fucked up at the arcade, I wanted to, um, wanted to make sure you were alright."

Steve is looking at Billy like he loves him. Billy can't handle that. So he does what he's learned to do: he ruins it.

"I already told you I was fucking fine. I don't *need* you making sure I'm alright. I'm not some bitch looking for a shoulder to cry on, alright?" Billy hopes that's enough to make him go away, because he's tired of breaking things.

It's not enough. Steve lets his arms fall to his sides. "Billy, you don't have to do this."

"I said I'm *fine*, Harrington, now fuck off." *Just go away*, he wants to scream, *get away before I drag you down with me*. Steve isn't leaving. Steve is still looking at Billy like he loves him. So Billy tries again. He tries harder, but the words are sticking in his throat like glue. He doesn't want to do this.

"Y'know, it really seems like you're the one who's not fine here. Always asking me to spend the night, checking up on me, trying to get me to cuddle you like some *faggot*—" Billy stops then because he's starting to choke. He knows anyways that what he said was cruel enough, that Steve will leave now and Billy will go back to being alone and it will be better because being alone is better than watching everything you love turn to ash.

For a second, they just stand there, looking at each other. Billy waits for Steve to walk away or hit him or tell him he's a piece of shit. Steve does none of those things. Instead, he takes a step forward and slowly wraps his arms around Billy, squeezes him tighter when Billy stiffens—because fuck if he can remember the last time someone hugged him—and ducks down so his lips brush Billy's earlobe.

"Hey, it's okay, Billy. It's okay."

Billy's trembling with the weight of *everything* pressing down on him and he feels like he's drowning but Steve is murmuring in his ear and Billy is so fucking tired and so fucking sad and so fucking lonely and then all of a sudden he's crying, fisting his hands in Steve's sweater and burying his face in his neck.

He wants to tell Steve about Brian, wants to tell him why he is the way he is and why he never stays the night, wants Steve to know about his mom, about how she made the best parts of him, wants to tell Steve how sorry he is, wants to tell Steve that he loves him. He doesn't know how.

"I'm fucked up, Harrington" he croaks finally, after what feels like hours, voice muffled by Steve's skin. "I don't want to fuck you up."

Billy's so surprised when he hears the rumble of laughter in Steve's throat that he pulls away to look up at him.

Steve cups Billy's jaw with his hand, swipes at the wetness on his cheek. "I can handle it. I've seen a lot worse."

Billy doesn't know what he means, but he believes him.

He lets Steve drive him home, picking Max and the rest of the kids up on the way. If they're surprised to see Billy in the passenger seat of Steve's car, they don't show it, instead piling in the back and chattering happily.

"I'll have your car towed to my house," Steve says quietly. Billy's too exhausted to object.

"Okay."

"Don't go home."

"Okay."

Steve reaches over and takes his hand, rubbing his thumb over Billy's knuckles. Billy doesn't pull away.

The rugrats get dropped off one-by-one, until finally it's just Steve, Billy, and Max. When they pull up to the Hargrove house, Max hesitates, hand on the door handle.

"Billy, are you..." she trails off, uncertain.

"I've got him." Steve says firmly and squeezes Billy's hand.

Max looks down at their entwined hands and then back up at Billy, realization coloring her cheeks pink. "Okay," she says slowly, and then, "I'm sorry."

Billy shakes his head before she can continue, staring at her hard so he knows she understands him when he replies. "Not your fault, Max."

She gives him a watery smile in return. "Thanks for the ride, Steve."

And then she's darting out of the car and into the house. Billy watches her go, feeling something loosen in his chest.

"Wanna watch a movie? My dad got *The Shining* on tape." It's the first thing either of them have said since dropping Max off. They're settled comfortably on the Harrington's couch, two glasses of water sweating condensation on the coffee table.

Billy grunts in agreement, scrubbing the heel of his palm down his face. He knows Steve is waiting for him to talk, to offer up some sort of explanation—he deserves at least that much—but Billy's tongue feels like lead in his throat.

As the movie starts, Steve takes Billy's hand again. He keeps looking over at Billy, inches closer until he's practically curving his body around Billy's, breath hot and sweet on his forehead. Their hands are getting sweaty but Billy doesn't mind. Steve scoots closer again, shoulder pressing against Billy's cheek, and Billy finally gives in. He nudges his face into Steve's chest, feels Harrington stop breathing for a second and then tip his head to rest his cheek on the top of Billy's hair. He fights the instinct to think about Brian and bolt. He thinks about Steve instead. Billy doesn't want to think about ghosts when he has Steve, warm and real and *whole* around him.

The next thing he knows, the credits are rolling and it's dark outside. "Shit." Billy wipes drool from the corner of his mouth, sits up and yawns, stretching his arms above his head. When he flops back down on the couch, he sees Harrington looking at him, amused.

"What?" He grumbles.

"Nothing, I've just never seen you sleep before." The words hang heavy in the air between them until Steve realizes what he said and then flushes and looks at his lap. "Um, are you hungry? My mom left some food in the fridge."

Billy's stomach growls in response, and he's suddenly aware that he hasn't eaten all day.

They eat leftover chicken and mashed potatoes in comfortable silence, feet touching beneath the table. Billy marvels at how easy it is.

After the table's been cleared and the dishes put away, the silence shifts.

Billy follows Steve up to his room hesitantly, knows what comes next but doesn't know how to not fuck it up.

When Steve sits on the bed and pats the space next to him, looking at him expectantly, Billy can't move, back glued to the wall.

"My mom's dead," he blurts and then winces. He's not sure why he's saying it but then Steve is frozen at the edge of the bed and staring at Billy, all doe eyes and concern, so Billy swallows hard and keeps going.

"She died when I was twelve. She was...she was really sick. And my dad threw everything away but I found this photo and—" Billy's voice cracks "—and I kept it all this time but then my dad found it and he fucking *ruined* it because he ruins everything, he breaks *everything*." He's crying again, tears dripping from his nose. "He caught me once and he *broke Brian's arm* and, fuck, he'd probably kill us both if it happened again and do you *get it*, Harrington? I can't—this can't—"

Billy's knees buckle and he slides to the ground because everything's bubbling up in him all at once and he feels like he's splitting open.

"I broke your face, Harrington." He mutters, sob clawing its way out of his throat. "I broke your fucking *face*. I'm just like him."

"Don't." Steve says hoarsely, and suddenly he's on the ground, kneeling in front of Billy and grasping at his face, looking more serious than Billy's ever seen him. "Don't ever say that."

"I miss her every fucking day," Billy's breath hitches in his throat, tears coming hot and fast, "Every goddamn day, Stevie. And I wish that I could have been...could have been *good*, good like she was, like she wanted me to be. But I broke—I *break*—I'm just like—I'm—" He

bows his head and shudders into his knees, too ashamed to meet Steve's gaze.

"I'm just so fucking sorry."

This time, Steve doesn't wrap his arms around Billy like he did outside of the car. He sits next to him and lays his forehead on the back of Billy's neck, lips pressing against Billy's skin as he cries into his knees.

"It's not true, Billy," Steve whispers into his skin. "You're just who she wanted you to be. She loved you." And then, "I love you."

Billy feels more than hears it, Steve's mouth etching his words into the back of his neck. He lifts his head up. When he sees the warmth in Steve's eyes, he thinks of the warmth in his mom's eyes...and he lets himself feel it.

Billy realizes then that maybe the photo wasn't the last good thing he has left. Maybe the last good thing isn't a thing at all—maybe it's a person, warm and real and unbreakable.

Steve stands up, reaches out a hand to pull Billy to his feet. Billy watches as he tugs his sweater over his head, kicks his jeans off and climbs into bed. He doesn't ask Billy to stay—doesn't have to.

Billy Hargrove is not a sentimental person. He's learned by now that most things of value to him end up broken.

He's also learned that some things don't.

Author's Note:

as always, inkyreveries.tumblr.com